

# RESTORATION

Vol. V.

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No. 5.

## Lay Catholic Action Feared By Most Nuns!

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister: Again I got off my subject, in my last letter. I was going to tell you about Catholic Action as I see it. Instead I got switched to the great virtue of true prudence. Of course it forms the foundation of any work of God, so it was not too much out of context, but still . . .

Anyway here I am to explain to you, as per promise, my humble and very personal idea of C.A., of course within the definitions given it by the Supreme Pontiffs.

### Catholic Action

The Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action officially is defined as — THE PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY. THIS PARTICIPATION MUST BE GROUP ACTION, TRAINED ACTION, MANDATED ACTION.

It would be wonderful if you prepared the youth under your guidance to meditate and study this wonderful definition, word by word, before opening opportunities for them to engage in it. It is worth meditating on. It brings up so many verities of our Faith — to be looked over in a new, a bright light.

It clarifies even further the definitions of BAPTISM, showing clearly how by this stupendous Sacrament, we become leaveners, apostles of Christ, and members of His Mystical Body. It throws the same wondrous light on yet another Sacrament, that of Confirmation, which, examined carefully, almost makes us faint with the joy of realizing that we too, humble as we are, lay as we are, participate in the Royal Priesthood of Christ.

Both studies will lead to a third, that of the Sublime Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, its privileges and its responsibilities for each and everyone of us. And suddenly . . . the somewhat dry formula of Catholic Action, will cease to be dry and formal and will become an absorbing task, a vocation for all the laity, your pupils included!

### Embraces Wide Range

It embraces a wide range of possibilities. The Bishop of any diocese can MANDATE any group he selects for a specific task. He can have it organized and trained by priests and laymen of his choice. It is a glad joyous realization, for it leaves behind much of the controversies and the formalism that crept, almost unnoticed, into the early discussions about this old-new apostolate of the laity.

And now to my personal division of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, which of course, I present as only personal, and subjected to any correction that may come from authorized sources.

The broad apostolate of C.A. as defined above applies really to all Catholics. From

the age of reason to death. For each has received the Sacrament of Baptism and Confirmation. Each is an apostle because of them. Each has the duty to leaven the world in which he lives. There are many groups of C.A. that children, youth, and adults, can join; which have been duly approved by their Ordinaries; and which provide the necessary requisites mentioned above.

But quite evidently there is a more specialized Lay Apostolate of C.A. Perhaps I should eschew the word "specialized," as it has had such a great work-out in the past years, and simply say, "a more dedicated apostolate and one more defined as to the way of life and works, such as Catholic Worker, or Friendship House. There are others, too many to name, whose members, leaving home and the opportunity of earning money, devote themselves to the gaping wounds of the Mystical Body, and go to restore the world to Christ where few ordinarily would venture.

### They Live On Charity

These groups accept the counsels of perfection without vows. They exist on the charity of their brethren, devoting all their time to the apostolate.

Next come the members of the Papal Secular Institutes; groups like the ones just mentioned, but who take the simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, such as any lay person may take privately. They perform any works, anywhere, at home or in the mission field, to which their Bishops call them.

Are you beginning to see the scope, the width, the breadth of this tremendous Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, dear Sister? Do you begin to realize its potential in fighting our modern "isms"? Do you glimpse the vision that it imparts of the fullness of restoring the world to Christ? Do you visualize the mighty rivers of sanctity that will flow from it and cleanse the world with Love?

Don't be afraid of a lessening of religious vocations. Youth that is trained, indoctrinated, and grouped together to love and serve God and neighbor better, will certainly understand the beautiful vocation of utter and complete dedication and surrender, such as is demanded by priestly and re-

ligious vocations.

Open up the horizons of the Lay Apostolate and the convents and monasteries will be filled to overflowing. It is because we give such a miserly, narrow vision of our Faith and its works to our youth — it is because we ASK SO LITTLE OF THEM in the way of love and sacrifice — that you find it difficult to replenish your deminishing ranks.

LET IT STAND THIS YEARTOON  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT;  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



ST. LUKE  
13: 6-9

### Be Generous, Teacher

Don't be afraid to be generous, and to give youth the fullness of the pontiffs' call to the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action and you will reap the fruits thereof, as will the rest of the world.

Cease to look down on this new and blessed Apostolate, which, incidentally, is "new" only to our modern mind, but was embraced so beautifully, simply, and naturally, by the lay people of the first centuries of the Church. Everyone understood it then. Most were part of it.

Try to analyze what affrights you so in it. Bring your doubts and fears into the open. Look them over. Then ask yourself why do you doubt this spiritual movement that is filling the souls of men? Why are you afraid of it?

It has the full stamp of papal approval. It quite evidently is blessed by God. For, behold it spreading over the face of the earth! It cannot be said to be unknown anymore. Not when 1200 delegates, from its ranks, and from 74 countries, journey to Rome at the bidding of our reigning pope, and fill to overflowing the large premises provided for its first congress.

Yet the majority of your sister nuns are still afraid of it! And your fear keeps you from opening the gates of knowledge about it to the youth in your keeping. This

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## St. Augustine May Now Sing In Your Pocket

Listen!

"I will now call to mind my past foulness, and the carnal corruptions of my soul; not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it; reviewing my most wicked ways in the very bitterness of my remembrance, that Thou mayest grow sweet unto me (Thou sweetness never failing, Thou blissful and assured sweetness) and gathering me again out of that my dissipation, wherein I was torn piecemeal, while turned from Thee, the One Good, I lost myself among a multiplicity of things."

It is St. Augustine, singing like another David, to the great Love of his life, singing as melodiously as ever, singing in a new 35 cent edition, just published by Pocket Books Inc., New York, N.Y.

For 1500 years, The Confessions of St. Augustine had been one of the "all time" six best sellers. Even in clumsy translations it had a potency hard to analyze, an ability to thrill its readers with its story, and with the ideas that glittered like so many thousands of jewels in the story's setting.

In this edition, the translation of Edward B. Pusey, D.D., the saint becomes clear as well as lyrical.

Listen again:

"... but I, poor wretch, foamed like a troubled sea, following the rushing of my own tide, forsaking Thee, and exceeded all Thy limits; yet I escaped not Thy scourges. For what mortal can? For Thou wert ever with me mercifully rigorous, and besprinkling with most bitter alloy all my unlawful pleasures: that I might seek pleasures without alloy. But where to find such, I could not discover save in Thee, O Lord, Who teachest by sorrow, and woundest us, to heal; and killest us, lest we die from Thee."

The celebrated Jesuit editor and writer, Father Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., has written the introduction to the book.

"Few men have been so great that the main course of history is different just because they lived, thought, and spoke," he says. "St. Augustine is one of that few, and indeed it is a thesis not too arduous to maintain that he is at the head of that select band. He is one of the great 'bridge-personalities'."

Father Gardiner believes the influence of this Saint, the Bishop of Hippo, can best be likened to a "transmitting station from which there pulse ceaselessly, insistently, reaching out to the antennae of the human spirit in every age, in every clime, the imperative syllables of his great discovery which became his greatly needed message: 'Seek for yourself, O man; search for your true self. He who seeks shall find—but, marvel and joy, he will not find himself, he will find God, or, if he

find himself he will find himself in God.'"

For the first time in 1500 years you can get this "greatly needed message" and all the wonder of the book for a quarter and a dime. For the first time in 1500 years you can carry the Confessions in your pocket, like a music box. You can take it out and listen to the music in street cars, buses, trains, and "L" cars, ships, taxis, dog sleds, or ox-carts. It's a paper bound book. So what? So if it wears out you can get another copy for 35 cents. The first edition is 150,000 copies. This, incidentally, is the "largest printing" of the book in all its history.

There is a saying in Hollywood that goes like this: "Give 'em a great clean, fine, dramatic Catholic picture, and the Catholics stay away from it in teeming hordes." If they do, it is probably because the vanguard of said hordes has decided it is not a Catholic picture, merely a Hollywood idea of a Catholic picture.

This is not a publisher's idea of a Catholic book, printed in hopes of getting Catholic dimes and quarters. This is a Catholic Classic!

Let us see now whether the Catholics will, or will not, buy this classic, this purely Catholic classic, in their teeming hordes.

—E.J.D.

## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

Here among the lonely hills, in a house, by the side of the road — by the side of the Highway of Life — I live and see the world go by.

It is a kind of watch-tower existence, is that of the priest of the parish. A league or two away is the forestry fire tower. I have seen the ranger, with a long telescope, spot a new-born smudge on the horizon, then, with metre rule and chart compute the exact location. A pastor would surely be stone-deaf and totally blind if he could not spot the general breakdown of morals, locally as well as in the wide world.

Adam A Handsome Guy

Ever since Eve, at the sug-  
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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Easter . . . The Feast of the Resurrection. The central theme of our Holy Faith. A day of joy and gladness. BUT DO WE KNOW TODAY . . . HOW TO BE GLAD AND JOYOUS IN THE LORD?

Joy and gladness are the fruits of peace. Peace of mind, heart, and soul. How many of us have it? Alas only too few. For we seek the fruits of peace where they cannot be found. And look for them where they are not.

Money won't buy them. Yet almost to our dying day, we try vainly to convince ourselves that wealth will bring us peace, and its fruits. Grimly we go about accumulating that wealth by straight means and crooked; yet even when our granaries are full of grain and our barns full of cattle, happiness, peace, joy, and gladness, still elude us.

Beauty and love, we decide, will bring them within our grasp. But we confuse beauty with flesh. And love with lust and passion. Thus, once more, we behold wonderingly, our empty hands and hearts.

Power and glory will bring them, we hope against hope. Ascending slowly the steps of wealth, beauty, and love . . . which crumble under our too eager feet . . . we reach the insecure pinnacle of worldly power and fame. Far from finding peace, joy, and gladness, we discover restlessness, disillusionment, and black despair.

Alone and tortured, we behold the shambles of our lives. All because our modern vocabulary has almost eliminated the words that are the keys of Easter. SACRIFICE . . . PENANCE . . . MORTIFICATION . . . DEATH TO SELF.

These are dead words to most of us. We have lost their true meaning. We do not understand that they spell FREEDOM IN GOD.

But sacrifice, penance, mortification and death to self, are not words or symbols. They are guides that sever the cords that bind us to this world of sin, and lead us, in the bloody footprints of Christ . . . up, up, unto Golgotha and crucifixion.

Through them we shall rise from the tombs of our dead sinful selves, alive in Christ, to possess the fruits of His passion in their fullness.

Easter is the feast of love. But love is set free only by the surrender of our hearts, minds, souls, and bodies, to the God of Love, Who died so beautifully on Calvary for love of us.

Unless we learn this lesson. Easter will be a day of fashion parades . . . of new hats . . . worldiness . . . and "Bunnies" that lay colored eggs — and nothing more.

No, that is not quite true . . . it will be much more. It will be a day of desecration and darkness . . . that will lead men into the wilderness of their hearts, and leave them there to die of thirst and hunger . . . because they sought the gladness . . . the joy of the Lord . . . away from His passion, His surrender for love's sake.

If there are many more empty Easters like these . . . then indeed the abomination of desolation will set in firmly on our earth. It cannot happen. It must not happen.

Let us make this Easter a new beginning in God. Let us celebrate it on our knees, make it an Agape, a feast of true love, turning our faces to Christ Resurrected . . . and never turning them back.

Then indeed it will be a glad and joyous Easter in the Lord . . . and the beginning of a true peace for which men's hearts are so hungry.

Yes . . . let it be unto us a Holy Happy Easter.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

These late March days are filled with beauty. Sometimes a man, walking to this cozy igloo after breakfast, sees rime everywhere, especially on the pine trees. It looks like smoke, liquefied and sprayed by an expert on every twig and needle, and frozen there. It looks like a rare enamel shining in the sun.

### Birds And Beasts

Sometimes a man sees blue jays streaking past him, and hears their joyous screams. Sometimes he sees wild ducks disporting in the gray waters of the Madawaska, pretending they are now jet planes and dive bombers, and now snorkle submarines.

Sometimes he hears the ice of the river talking to the water. And the water laughing at the ice. Sometimes he sees new snow falling. Great white flakes that look like petals blown by April winds from a thousand and one wild cherry trees.

Sometimes he stops and listens to the staccato gossip of a squirrel, or the baby-barking of a pup. Sometimes he stops to inhale the scent of pine or cedar, or of wood smoke.

Yet there is more beauty inside this igloo than outside it. It is a different sort of beauty than any detected by the senses. It is a beauty of thoughts — the thoughts of a man, a friend I have never seen. It is the beauty of a man's soul. It is the beauty of a soul longing for a greater beauty than any it has yet known. It is contained in a letter received a day or two ago.

### Beauty Of Ideas

It thrills me more than anything I hear or touch or smell or taste or see. Perhaps it will thrill you too.

He writes, first, that he expects to be crippled for life, Alleluia, which will give him an excellent chance to make some atonement for his sins and the sins of others, and to prepare for the glorious next world. And he encloses a poem he calls, "Thanks for Crosses."

"I do not know who wrote it," he writes, "but I like it. Perhaps you could run it in Restoration. I sent Mary Ellen Kelly a copy for 'Queen of All Hearts' magazine; but whether or not she will use it I do not know."

Mary Ellen, one may explain, writes for many magazines, and has her own periodical for shut-ins. Mary Ellen too is a voluntary victim, a sufferer cheerfully offering her pain to God for all us sinners. Recently she underwent two serious operations.

This is the poem:

### THANKS FOR CROSSES

"Teach me, Lord, to live this prayer  
That I may thank Thee every day for everything.

I do at times give thanks for what seems good;  
For health, success, for love and gain;  
For all that pleases self.  
And yet how thoughtless—blind—

To thank Thee not for what is truly good:  
For pain, unkindness, censure, blame

For every hurt that comes  
From persons, place or work.  
By these keen instruments  
wouldst Thou, Divine Physician,  
Remove the harmful growths of self,

To give new life, Thine Own true life, and peace abundantly.

But I am blind—see not Thy loving Hand;  
Then—in resisting, suffer more and spoil Thy work.

Had I accepted all with gratitude  
I might long since have been a saint, and happy.

(A grateful heart cannot be otherwise.)

Forgive, then, Lord,  
My blindness and my squandered life,

And give me grace, this day—to see

Thy chastening hand in all my hurts

(Nor blame Thy instruments);

The grace to take each purifying cross, and then

Give thanks to Thee—with all my heart. Amen."



## PEACE BE TO YOU ALLELUIA

He's A Poet Himself

I am sorry my friend did not find out who wrote that poem. But he writes a sort of poetry himself; especially when he writes of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"How can one describe the Lady I love?" he asks, "the Immaculate Lady of the Most Holy Trinity? Imagine yourself being the only one of a group to get to the apex of a mountain, how would you, blinded by all the glory you saw there, describe that glory to blind men who could not even see the mountain?"

"If one finds it impossible even to suggest the glory hidden in a small and simple flower—then how, O how, is one going to show the glory of God's most wonderful creation, His great Love, His perfect mother? Of all His creatures she came first. First in His mind from all eternity. For her He created all other things, including you and me . . .

### Mary And The Mass

"A great part of my life has been spent in trying to thank God for all He has done for Our Lady. This 'thanks' was made possible by the Mass. I have offered up some thousands of masses in gratitude for all God has done for Mary; yet I never was satisfied that I had properly thanked Him. For the past several months I have been offering Masses in a new way, one that DOES satisfy me.

"I offer these Masses to adore, love, praise, and thank God for His love for Mary. I offer each one in union with, and for, every saint and angel, every soul that ever was, is now, or ever shall be in purgatory or heaven; and I unite each Mass offering to Jesus, from the moment of His con-

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## The B's Corner

This time we had to send our Begging Letter out a month earlier. Usually we do our begging in April. But funds ran low, very low. And so, throwing ourselves on the mercy of God and the charity of our good loyal friends, we came by mail, knocking at many doors.

It is not easy to beg. But in our humble apostolate it is the only way we can continue to try and RESTORE THE WORLD TO CHRIST. And as this restoration is based on love of God and neighbor — a love that spills over into corporal and spiritual works of mercy, it requires cash to be effective.

### Oh For a Sturdy Six

Take nursing. Especially nursing in the country. The need for a car, a sturdy little car that will take one everywhere, in all weather, over any kind of road, is IMPERATIVE. Yet even to me, accustomed as I am to begging for all things — begging for a car seems utterly fantastic. Yet why should it be? The Lord has said "Ask and you shall receive." He knows the need we have for just such a car. He knows our poverty. And He can easily move human hearts to generosity. So I humbly ask for a car to do His work of love.

Money is needed to build yet another house, to accommodate the increasing Staff. We need more space for the women staff workers, for the office desks that fill Madonna House. One bedroom has been converted into an office, another into a dispensary. The children's library cannot hold more than two or three children at one time, because two desks take up all the room.

This is the way of every Friendship House branch. First there seems to be oodles of space . . . a few years later there isn't enough to turn around. God is good, to bless our work with such growth!

The same new house will be used for hundreds of other things. Parties, game nights, get-togethers — for which, alas!, there is almost no room now in Madonna House.

Money is needed to buy wood and food, for us . . . the modicum of needs. Money is needed for seeds, for medicines, for "scholarships" . . . so we ask for MONEY.

### What About Clothing?

The clothing center is bereft of clothing. I spoke of it already. For it is so sad to turn away people who need clothing so badly, because there is none to give. So I ask for CLOTHING. All kinds, for both sexes, and for all ages from babyhood up. Books, magazines, pamphlets, religious articles, office and sewing supplies, wool and yard goods remnants, crockery and silverware (the cheaper kind), bedding of all sorts, soap, tooth brushes, tooth paste . . . all is needed, and so I begged for all.

We have to beg. For we have no money of our own. That is part of the vocation of a Friendship House member. They have no personal moneys. They give it up, for they give up their earning capacity to God. To serve and love Him, and their neighbors. It is not much to give up, but it makes beggars of us.

But some may remark that Eddie and I lecture and write books, etc., and thus EARN

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# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Someone told us the other day that we should publish a less "personal" paper, stop telling about what goes on in our Canadian Province Friendship House branch in such details, and begin to hammer at the primary principles of our Faith and of the Lay Apostolate of Catholicism within it.

We thought that suggestion out carefully. And it came to us that there was much truth in it; that there were many Catholic papers, our big brothers in the field, learned and important, that were fulfilling this function very well; but that, for us, a PERSONALIST paper was the thing to go on publishing.

## We're Just Folks

We are very small and humble, and not very learned. And the little we know of the primary and secondary principles of our Faith are of the catechetical variety, and best explained by telling how we struggle to put the Catechism into the ordinary daily life of our Apostolate.

Somehow when we put it that way, it seems to us that we come to our readers a-visiting, and over an imaginary cup of tea. We just talk about God and the things of God, as we know them, as we try to live them, in an ordinary and rather humdrum way, the simple ways of love of God and neighbors.

Our talk is in print. Their answers come to us by letter. We seem to help one another, for we are all lay folks together, even though our lay lives are, in a special manner, dedicated to the service of God and neighbor. It all seems to go together.

Put it another way. About three weeks ago a young man came to stay with us because he was on strike and had some time on his hands, and the country was a good place to spend it. He did not know much about the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. But he worked with us, and prayed with us, and during mealtime we talked in a very "personal" fashion about spiritual verities.

## He Came Right Back

He left refreshed and glad because he had come . . . then, lo and behold! . . . he was back again before we knew it, telling us he had become homesick for this simple, natural, Catholic life; that it had come to him, suddenly, that we of Madonna House were living the "normal lives of Catholics" and that out there, in the big city, things were rather complex.

Now he is thinking of becoming a Staff Worker here. This means that he wants to give up his job and devote his life to serving God and neighbor in our F.H. way.

We wonder . . . if we had learnedly talked about prim-

ary principles, and in the big words that so few understand . . . would he have come back?

But that is the way of it. So many have come and gone — happier, more at peace — just for the sharing of our life, lived in Christ, that this seems to us the best way to tell about Christ and His ways . . . in our paper, Restoration.

It is hard to explain. But, to us, our readers are friends, whom we love in the Lord and for whom we pray, and whom we "visit," as I said, monthly.

They seem, by and large, interested in reading about us, and what we do, and who we are, and how we try to apply this simple catechetical truths to life. So I guess we will go on publishing a very "personal" paper. Any way, it is the only kind we can write.

## Now About Summer

Speaking of personal things. It promises to be a busy summer. The Summer School prospectus is out. If you are interested in a Catholic Vacation where you can study, pray, and have fun with a wonderful group, why not write for one of these and find out all about it?

We need help with the garden and the building of a new house. Any volunteers?

This year we are planning to plow a half acre or so for a vegetable garden. The land needs clearing first. Then there are a hundred little chores that go into the building of a house that any young man can do. We have room for a few such volunteers. Room and board. And lots of fresh air and fun in the Lord.

Our second pig got killed (not by accident). The hens are laying fine. Blackie's son is the "spittin' image" of his father . . . and promises to grow up into a fine dog. Right now he is a menace to shoes and furniture. Guess he is teething.

We have a new Doctor Leo Roy, A young Catholic full of energy and zeal. Our beloved Dr. McDermott, too, is back in practice after an illness. God be praised. Dr. McDermott has given forty years or more to the service of everyone here. We need them both very much.

Everyone is looking forward to our closed retreat in April. Speaking of "everyone," allow me to introduce our staff, I should have done it before. Dorothy Phillips and Mamie Legris, both Ottawa Valley girls. Lorraine Fecteau and Louis Stoeckles from Toronto. Phillip Larkin, a Prince Edward Islander. Jerry Kelly, recently from Ireland itself. And Marite Langlois from Montreal. A nice team whichever way you look at it.

## LAY CATHOLIC ACTION

(Continued from Page One)

fear, this suspicion, transmits itself to them, as well as to their parents, who often quote you as being opposed to Catholic Action, and so justify their own unfortunate opposition to it.

Perhaps I am doing you a grave injustice by bunching all nuns in one group — "the opposition" — I know there are many who do not feel this fear, who DO help and encourage youth to engage in the Lay Apostolate

of Catholic Action. But, alas! there are many more who just can't "see" it.

My soul cries out in agony. It cannot understand THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS OPPOSITION . . . THIS MISTRUST.

## To The Heights

For me there is one more step in Catholic Action. Its last and highest. This, I feel, many will soon be taking. It is the logical sequence. I call it THE APOSTOLATE OF LONELINESS AND ATONEMENT.

Very few will take this step. But these few will become the inner fire of the Lay Apostolate, that will warm the rest. They will be souls who have spent many years in one or the other forms of Catholic Action. They will be over the age of 35. Their great vocation will come to them after much suffering, pain, prayer, penance, and mortification.

It will lead them into the bottomless pits where the dregs of humanity dwell; where religious seldom venture and priests come only to bring the Sacrament of the dying. It will cause them to leave all things behind; their families, their friends, and even any lay apostolic group that they may have belonged to. It will lead them to abandon their intellectual pleasures. For, as they realize, with the instinctive knowledge begotten by love, they will have to merge themselves, utterly and completely, with those whom they now dedicate themselves to serve.

They will bid a lasting good-bye to all the ties that ever bound them, and go forth ALONE, to share the poverty, the work, the loneliness, the drabness, the squalor and the despair of the most forgotten and lonely people in the world — the dwellers in dark alley-ways and little crooked streets who make their living by begging, by prostitution, or by shady little deals; people whom all despise, in whom no one is interested except the police and the few evangelical sects that run "missions," which neither help nor save them.

## The Lay Missionary

Theirs will be a missionary lay apostolate indeed! They will have for their territory the jungles of sin and darkness. They will bring with them nothing but souls, hearts, and minds aflame with such love of God and the wretched poor that never again will they seek their own. Nor will they rest, even for a little while, in the company of minds that once shared their thoughts and interests. They will surrender even this solace, because long ago Christ was called A FOOL, and because there are still men today who call Him a fool.

It is in atonement for that insult to God . . . that they will forgo all joys of intellect, and take with them no other book save the Gospels of Christ — in a cheap edition. Their prayer life will be utterly hidden. Mass. Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The rosary in the privacy of their rooms. That is all.

While they have bodily strength they will work at menial occupations where they can serve those they came to help. Their apostolate will be one of silence and service. Constant service everywhere to all. Quiet, also unnoticed service, in a thousand little things that one human being can render to another.

To walk in love, silence, and service . . . will be their life. And it will be one of absolute poverty, for they will give everything they earn to those poorer than they are, leaving themselves only the barest of necessities. Their abode will be a small room in some dingy street, possibly in the same house occupied by many of those they serve.

## Austere Apostolate

Their one contact with the world they left will be their spiritual directors, with

whose permission they embarked on this austere apostolate.

Modern St. Joseph Labre's. Alone. Silent. Filled with love. They will not be known to many. Theirs will be a hidden apostolate. But their influence will be like wild fire . . . for they will cease to exist truly . . . as themselves and will become vehicles for Christ . . . their aim and goal being but to be able to say . . . "I LIVE NOT I BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

When they get too old to work, they can become beggars . . . peddlers of safety pins, and camelias, in night clubs of shady reputations or along the lesser "white ways" of the world, that are so bleak and black.

Their death? The "consummatus est" of their lives . . . amidst those forgotten lonely men and women. These, perhaps, would not know of the holocaust in their midst . . . but God would.

Yes . . . that is how I see the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. As steps leading all men to Christ. As nets of various sizes thrown out by the hand of God to catch the souls of the world, that are today so hungry for Him, so lost — and so alone! Pray for me, Sister—Catherine.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

ception, to His every thought, word and deed, to every beat of His sacred heart, from the moment of His birth to the moment of His ascension into heaven.

"I unite each Mass to Jesus in every Mass that has been offered, is being offered now, and will be offered up to God. And I unite each offering to the love, desires, affections, and intentions of each saint and angel for God's greater glory, and for every soul that ever was in purgatory, is there now, or will be there for any time. All of this to thank God for His love for Our Lady, that He may be pleased to accept the offering; and because of His love for her, He may make her known, loved, and served by the whole world!"

## The Apex of Glory

"I believe all this will seem much involved; but to me it is the apex of glory and praise to God . . .

"God loves most, and beyond any comparison, the Immaculate Virgin Mother. And that He should submit her to the abuse, pain, and mental anguish of Christ's passion and death, and to the pain and horror our sins cause in her—who can understand such love as that? And who can appreciate her love for us, that suffers and forgives, suffers and forgives, and never ceases until we are either lost or saved?"

"One Sunday morning I was intent on offering a Mass in Mary's honor as the Immaculate Spouse of God the Holy Ghost. Over the main altar of the church stands a large statue of Our Lady. Somewhere during the Mass I raised my eyes to that statue, and saw on the forehead, a tongue of fire!"

## And the Lovely Mouth

"Imagine how startled I was. I suppose the sun shines on that statue through a high window, and on that day of the year, at that hour, it shines on the forehead. I have never seen that flame again, however.

"From all eternity God knew that on a certain day, and at a certain hour, I

would be offering Him a Mass in honor of the beloved of His Heart, the Immaculate Spouse of God the Holy Ghost. So He let me see that flame.

"On another occasion the sun made a beautiful ring of light about the mouth of that statue. Our Lady's mouth! There began all our blessings, all our hopes of salvation. Our Lady's lovely mouth, saying to the angel, 'Be it done unto me according to thy Word!'"

By this time, no doubt, you are convinced that my friend is a priest. But he is a layman, like myself. Even a layman can offer Masses. Even a layman can love Our Stainless Lady as lyrically as any priest, and wish as fervently to give her to the world, and to give the world to her.

What is the beauty of this northern paradise compared to the beauty of this man's mind? What is the flash of blue in a screaming bird, the swift diving of the fishing ducks, the smell of the pine trees, the look of frost, the loveliness of great soft flakes of snow, or even the first sight of pussywillows, compared to the beauty of a thought of Mary?

There is beauty here, morning, noon, sundown, and night, to stop almost the beating of a heart. But it is nothing to the beauty of a thought that will surcharge and fill and overflow a heart.

My friend is sure that he will die a "hopeless" — so-called — cripple. He is thrilled at the prospect, because he can offer his pain too, with all the rest of the gifts that are his to offer. And the worse the pain, and the more sincerely he echoes Mary's fiat, the more surely he will prove his tremendous love for her, and for her Son.

Sanctity awaits this old friend of mine.

And, you know? I sort of envy him . . . if not his coming trials, then certainly his closeness to Our Lady, and his chance of being eternally with her in heaven.

## AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

gestion of the devil, crooned her desire into Adam's "sun-burned" ear and the big handsome lug said, "Oui, oui chérie, anything to oblige," there has been sin in the world. It is just that there is a new high, in degree, these days.

To use the idea in the Irish way, we might say that there is very little sin at all, at all, in the world. What I'm getting at, is, that there is very little sin, as such a-broad. If you see what I mean.

The devil's advocates are trying to reorganize society on the negation of God. Naturally, if there is no God there are no such fences as the Ten Commandments. Consequently, there is no sin. The moral revolutionary pot is sure a-boiling, with man trying to revamp his way of living on the above mentioned negation.

## Don't Get Caught

There are plenty of laws and sanctions too, but they are not considered as coming from God. Break them if you like. If you can get away with it without being caught, everything is hunky dory. Should any of these laws irk you and you want to rid yourself of the nuisance, all you have to do is "steam-up" some deluded women's organization, with your influence, or your sheekles,

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## AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page Three)  
and it is done.

If your grandfather gets in your way, a little powder in a toddy will put the old boy "out of misery" and give him a quiet "passage." As for unwanted babies — Poof! It is nothing. Just a minor operation . . .

It is in the youth strata of society where one finds bubbling evidence of impending moral eruption. Use an X-ray camera, or even an atomic mineral detector and you'll have difficulty locating among "teen-agers," today, the slightest respect for authority, moral principles, or conventions. They even have a code all their own, to show that they don't belong to our race at all.

The kids themselves, are not too much to blame. It is their parents, unschooled in the art of rearing, together with our fantastic systems of education, and a modern avalanche of immoral slush, a congealing slush, coming in all directions, oozing into every nook and cranny of their existence, forming a hardening shell around everything that is good and Christian in them.

Society at large, and our own particular communities, must be releavened by the people themselves. The yeast for the batter is not so terribly complicated. If we want to do our part in the restoration of all things in Christ we should study about the ingredients of the leaven.

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)  
MONEY. Yes we do, but only to put it into the "general kitty" of Friendship House, Combermere . . . and all of it is barely enough to keep such an organization going for two months or so. This winter there were between 14 and 17 of us here. And with some eighteen different services we run, that takes MONEY.

Yet it is good to be a beggar, for Christ's sake. It makes us utterly dependent on Him, makes our trust and confidence in Him grow by leaps and bounds, gives us little chance to practice humility, and to give many the opportunity to do good directly, for our overhead is so small that most of our money goes for the works of mercy.

### And Here's Romance!

And speaking of giving, Romance came to us the other day. We knew Margaret ever since she was a child. We saw her grow to maidenhood, sweet and pretty. We watched her fall in love, and pledge herself to a handsome local lad, a good Catholic. Soon they are going to be married.

Life is not easy for young folks in our parts. At least not at first. Margaret has just finished a course in hairdressing. She could help her husband, even after the

children come, by establishing a little hairdressing business. In the summer we have a large quota of tourists seeking just such services, and there are none hereabouts in Combermere. However, the cost of equipment is beyond the means of either Margaret, her parents, or her future husband.

Now why shouldn't I ask if any of our readers knows of someone who has part or all of the equipment needed for a hairdressing parlor? It would be so wonderful to establish a young home. Or perhaps someone would like to give Margaret enough money to buy new equipment. If so, write directly to MARGARET HOLLY, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO. She will be glad to hear from you.

Yes, begging is not easy . . . yet it is good to be a beggar for Christ's sake.

## Lay Catholic Action News From Virginia

By Mrs. Robert Rock

On one of the coldest, iciest days recently, our 12-year-old friend, Harriet, walked a mile or more through the snow to a telephone in East Falls Church. There she called us.

"Please mam, can you help us? We're awfully cold up at the house and we haven't much to eat, and my Daddy's hand is infected and he can't work, and my Mother has pains bad when she breathes, and we haven't any coal . . ."

### New Paul Revere

After a few minutes of Paul Revering, the St. James volunteers were at work, on the phone, pulling food out of freezer and pantry, shopping, cooking — and maybe cussing just a little at the thought that any of our blessed little "Christs" should be cold and hungry.

In a short time, a half ton of coal had been delivered — ahead of 40 previous calls to the Fuel Company. Two volunteers slid over the ice to deliver a big pot of hot soup full of meat and vegetables; also a carton of instant-cocoa, and canned milk, and bread, and potatoes.

They dressed the infected hand and promised a nice new layette to Mother who was expecting a baby soon. We know this family well. Already Harriet has nine little brothers and sisters. Harriet has asthma, but not much time to think about it because she has to work so hard.

### The Poor Must Ask

A few days later, we got another call from the father of six little boys. "I sure hate to bother you all again, but I haven't anyone else to ask," he confided. "Martha is in the hospital and I had to pay her bill in advance. The

car is frozen up, the boys are out home by themselves, and I haven't even enough money for bus fare. If you could just help until payday . . ." We assured him, "That's what we're for."

In a little while he was knocking on the door of a volunteer and was handed an envelope with some money and a big sack of "special" things for the boys. We took him home, and bet him \$10 his wife was going to have a girl this time. (She did!)

### A Volunteer Corps

A couple of years ago, Father Thomas P. Scannell, then Director of Catholic Charities of Northern Virginia, conceived the plan of having a large corps of volunteer workers in the various parishes who would help in a personal way with the work of his Agency. The work of the Agency itself was vital — handling adoptions, caring for unwed mothers and children from broken homes, helping families plan and manage, giving temporary financial aid, and arranging for medical care.

In these respects, the Agency was proceeding nicely. Yet Father Scannell was constantly aware that something BIG was being overlooked — the little neighborly acts of charity which are prompted solely by love — love of God through our neighbors.

Certainly people with heavy home problems needed objective advice from those trained in social service, and that is Catholic charity on the natural level. But they needed something more. Father Scannell realized that they needed the warmth of friendship, the genuine interest of neighbors; they needed to share the material and spiritual goods of those more fortunate who would be guided by supernatural Catholic Charity.

### Among Their Own

In some instances, Father Scannell planned that volunteers would work along with the Agency, yet he believed these volunteers would be most effective working among needy members of their own parishes, or on any parish projects which would fulfill the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Soon Father was consulting the Pastors of the various parishes in Northern Virginia, and was speaking before Sodalitys and Parish Councils. Soon the volunteer leaders of each parish were added to the Board of Directors of Catholic Charities, and soon after they were bringing in their first reports of a new life dedicated to restoring all things to Christ.

### Only One Answer

"What can we do?" the first volunteers asked. The answer was easy — Christ Himself had given it when He said, "For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat — naked and you clothed Me." The first project was the

setting up of a storeroom for good used clothing. Work of this nature had been going on for some time because groups had been meeting to sort, mend, and pack clothing for Madonna House and other Friendship Houses, and the Southern missions.

Plans were made for other services to be offered, and we all got busy. The need for layettes was great, so we began assembling extra nice ones for the Baby "Christs" in our midst. We got up a list of mothers who would help out other mothers when there was emergency sickness or a "new baby." We added to that list practical nurses and baby sitters and house-cleaners and cooks, all of whom were parish volunteers.

We found homes for foster children, emergency homes for anyone who might need a place to stay. We got drivers to take children to clinics and volunteer typists to help in office work at the Agency. Soon we began visiting Blue Plains, the Home for the Aged.

On Sunday mornings, now, volunteers go out early, carry the bed-ridden in to Mass, then help feed the patients. They take home-made cookies and cigarettes and Catholic magazines and clothing and birthday gifts to these beloved Old "Christs."

A new development in St. James is the formation of a small but progressive "clothes cooperative." We pool our wearable, outgrown clothes and help ourselves to whatever fits Junior this year.

### The Beloved Poor

So goes the work among our beloved friends, the poor, the sick, the lonely. We readily admit that our present system is not the most efficient, business-like way. But that is just the point. We are not an organization or a movement. We are simply Christian families who find great peace and happiness in serving God in the very "least of His brethren."

Always and ever we realize that material giving is only a means and never an end in itself. Usually the real problems are not simply low finances, unsteady employment, sickness. Nor is food, clothing and medicine the only answer. The best thing we have to offer is an understanding heart, for the real problems are loneliness, fear, unbelief.

Kindness brings out these troubles. Sympathy and encouragement often cure them. A heart to heart talk over a cup of tea can be of more value than a ton of clothes. Father Scannell is always ready to give us new suggestions, encouragement, and the right kind of criticism, and the volunteers are very grateful for the privilege of working with Catholic Charities.

There is one final point most important in this work. We are on God's Charities

committee, and not His judging committee, and so we never decide the rightness or wrongness of those who come to us for help. We welcome all with open hearts.

### Poorest of the Poor

Those who are not Catholics we deem poorest of all, for they have not the richness of true faith. Our one desire for all is Heaven; and if material help is not in order, then prayers and sacrifices and kindness certainly are. We never, never, NEVER give up on anybody. We give thanks that Christ did not give up on us.

Even though He foresaw all our sins, Love carried Him on to Calvary. So may it be with us!

If Christ's love came via the cross, He must like that kind of Love. So in our small, human way, we who have known so much of that Love try to carry it on to others, that we all may be one with Him forever and ever.

As the Poor gained confidence in the volunteers, the work grew tremendously. Now we have four storerooms for clothing and canned goods and furniture. The largest is at the home of Mrs. Anna McGrath of St. Charles parish. In her large basement is an array of racks and shelves for clothing, to which the needy come to make selections.

Nearby, in Our Lady Queen of Peace parish, most of whose members are colored, is the basement supply-room of Mrs. Alice Moorman. Mrs. Moorman is the "angel of mercy" to the many poor in her area, who come to her with their troubles, and receive clothing, furniture, food, jobs, and the kindest advice in the world.

### Angels of Mercy

Mrs. Moorman's storeroom is the busiest of all and she runs it with the patience and humility God loves. A new clothing center is in St. Mary's, Alexandria. Among the active workers there is Mrs. Helen May, who is the mother of nine young children. She hauls chairs and dishes and clothing — with the children on top sometimes, and sometimes underneath. At Christmas time, she piloted a truck, delivering baskets to needy families.

Another active, busy volunteer is Mrs. Helen Kilpatrick, also the mother of nine children. In her small rural parish, St. Joseph's, in Herndon, she serves as clearing house for all the poor. Their requests and problems come to her, and she solicits the help of good neighbors in filling them. Mrs. Kilpatrick has brought new hope and a great measure of happiness to the very poorest, most forgotten people in her neighborhood.

Our faithful, reliable, every-ready volunteer is Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, who visits the sick and sews lovely layette clothes, and bedjackets for the old, and crisp new First Communion outfits for needy children. In St. James Falls Church, Mrs. Meredith Stein is the chief go-getter. Whatever the problem, she finds the solution.

In the early morning she may be found receiving the priest bringing Holy Communion to a sick parishioner. Late at night she delivers clothing and toys for a lonely little child whose parents deserted her.

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